

Daily Eagle

ALKAZAR.

Dreamer, say, will you dream for me
A wild, sweet dream of a foreign land,
Where the palm trees lift their slender
With lips of coral and silver sand;
Where warm winds blow on the shady deep,
Or leave themselves in the fearful mist
The great wild wave of the breakers weeps
Over crags of opal and amethyst?

Dreamer, say, will you dream a dream
Of tropic shades in a land of shine,
Where the lily leaves o'er an amber stream
That flows like a rill of wasted wine,
Where the palm trees lift their slender
Against the shafts of the Indian sun,
Whose splintered vengeance falls between
The reeds below where the waters run?

Dreamer, say, will you dream of love
That lives in a land of sweet perfume,
Where stars drip down from the skies above
In molten spatters of gold and bloom;
Where never the weary eyes are wet,
And never a sob in the balmy air,
And only the laugh of the parrot
To break the sleep of the silence there?

—James Whitcomb Riley.

UNCANNY STORIES

WHICH SEEM TO SHOW THAT ANIMALS ARE SUPERSTITIOUS.

The Dog and the Doll—A Demoralized Puppy—Getting Ahead of an Unruly Pig—The Young Mare and the Ghost—A Strange Tale.

It is not unusual for the Scottish shepherd to gravely say, when his sheep carefully avoid some particular locality, that "they must have seen a ghost there," and he will assure you that there are "naughty kirkies and brigs" and other unwholesome places where the dogs in Scotland could not get his sheep to gang by. But the dog will sometimes see the ghost, too, and then he will naughtily bang his head.

Upon one occasion the writer had the opportunity of studying the superstitious propensities of a great Newfoundland dog whose chances of association with children had been very limited. With some visitors to his house came a child with a doll large enough for the dog to take in the human characteristics of its head and face, surmounting the dress in their proper order and proportion; this, muffled with such fairylike dimensions, constituted a mystery too profound for the mental penetration of Brin. He was delighted with the association of the child, as it was the first of its kind with whom he was on terms of intimate acquaintance. He would follow her about every where, and he would be the most friendly attention; but the doll, "none of it mine, thank you," and he was always careful to keep on that side of his little friend furthest away from the doll. Noticing these actions, the writer took the doll and advanced it toward the dog, who retreated with the utmost precipitance, but finally he was backed into a corner, and, on finding his retreat cut off, he made a dash past the doll with an energy which could not have been more desperate if his life had been at stake. But the most comical part of the circus was the pretense he made of not being frightened. As soon as he secured an opening of retreat he would take up a position at a respectful distance and skip and caper and bark in a manner which clearly indicated: "Who's afraid? If there's any dog in this neighborhood that is afraid of fairies he cannot be discovered in this direction." But the moment the doll was advanced toward him he ran, all the same.

A DEMORALIZED PIGGY.
It is not uncommon for cats to play with a soap bubble without appearing to be more than astonished or mystified by its sudden disappearance. In one case, however, puss was so demoralized at the mystery as to grow big tailed and sit at any soap bubble which might happen to fall to the floor and drift across it. Another, which up to that time had never seen a colored person, fled so precipitately from a good-looking negro girl that it tumbled into a grating, from which it could not be coaxed until hunger overcame its terror, and the owner of it was that puss herself was as black as coal.

A farmer was greatly annoyed by his neighbor's pig getting into his potato field and harvesting on his own account. Whenever he drove the aggressor out he was forced to lay down a pen of the snake fence, as he called it, the conclusion state is always careful never to betray the place where it enters a bonanza by going out there, unless he is very hard pressed by a defect in the fence, but failed to find one where the pig could by any possibility enter, so he concluded to watch, and soon had the satisfaction of seeing the thief enter the end of a crooked, hollow log, which made a part of the fence, one end being in his field and one in that of his neighbor. After driving the burglar out he changed the position of the log, so that both ends were in his neighbor's field, and concluded to watch the result. Soon the pig came along and went through the log as usual, but upon searching for potatoes he found only pasture grass, and after some little delay he seemed to arrive at the conclusion that he had not gone through the log at all, so he went through again, and upon emerging into the pasture field seemed more mystified than ever; but after a more protracted search for the potatoes than ever before he seemed to conclude that owing to some blunder of his own he had not really gone through the log, so in he went again and out into the pasture field, but this time he stood still as a statue for about half a minute, and slowly the bridges began to stand erect along his back, and with two or three tremendous sniffs he set off at the top of his speed for the house of his owner, and never afterwards could be induced to approach that part of the pasture field.

THE MARE AND THE GHOST.
A gentleman who is now, as the old Greeks would say, with the gods, pledged his veracity upon the following statement: "When a youth on my father's farm near the boundary of Canada and Vermont I owned a young mare which I called Kitty; she was black as jet. Upon the occasion of a social gathering of young people at a neighbor's some miles off, I took her on this favorite colt. When the party broke up towards midnight my friends advised me to take the roundabout way home, as the ghost of a British officer, said to have been killed by a cannon shot in some frontier encounter, was in the habit of appearing. I laughed at their fears and took the short cut home. The night was dark and the shadow of the trees made the glen darker. Just as I got to the spot where the ghost was said to appear the colt stopped from the canter so suddenly, by bracing her with blankets to her from taking cold, then I stole to my room through the back door so that my father would not know how late I had been out. In the morning I was startled out of my sleep by the old gentleman standing by my bedside and wrathfully de-

manding that I should declare that I had not, he ordered me to come to the stable and see whether I had or not. I hastily dressed, and found upon entering the stable a gray colt in the stall where I had placed Kitty the night before. I was dumfounded, and, on proceeding to examine the strange animal, found that when I mentioned the name of Kitty that it whinnied and laid its head on my shoulder just as Kitty had always done whenever I spoke to her in that way. Further investigation showed that it was in reality Kitty, but that every alternate hair in her jet black coat had turned white during the night. You may or may not believe the story, but I know that it is true."—Cor. New York World.

THE CARGADORES.

AN INTERESTING CLASS OF PEOPLE IN OUR SISTER REPUBLIC.

A Class of Mexican Laborers Not Noted for Intelligence or Refinement—The Work They Do—Cheaper Than Mules. Rehearsal at the Well.

The cargadores are by far the best class of laborers in Mexico, and are by law and long usage regarded the best and cheapest common carriers in all the large cities and towns. Their wares and wares are their only capital. Education, modesty and refinement are almost unknown among them, and morality often exists only in name. Among many their hopes and aspirations are no higher than the burdens on their backs, while their degradation is as low as pulque and mesquite can make it. These are the national drinks, and are made from the native maguey or century plant. Their dress is composed of a low, wide-brimmed straw hat, gaudy jacket and pantaloons, a leather apron from the neck down, and a pair of sandals in place of shoes. In addition they carry a thick pad on their backs, upon which the burdens are placed. The whole is kept in place by a wide belt which is passed around the head and just above the forehead. In addition some wear a belt from which is swung a large sheathed knife, a long sewing needle, a rope and a bunch of strings.

With this garb and a license from the government the cargador is ready for work, and indeed they have some reason for thinking so, for we often see them passing through the street under heavy burdens, and that without a yoke, and entirely naked from the waist up. Their work includes about all that is done by our northern dairy, bakery and grocery delivery wagons; also that of the moving car, the butcher's cart and the dray, as none of these are in use here. When there is a very extensive moving being done it makes a strange scene. They are then trucking on in a long line, each one bent under his burden, composed of parlor, household and kitchen furniture. The grocery delivery man and the fruiter (fruit peddler) carry their burdens on their heads in low, flat baskets, which are sometimes a yard wide. This is placed on a circular and which just fits the head of the carrier. When selling fruit one man carries the basket, while a second goes along and cries the kind, quality, price, and concludes by saying: "Toda esta muy barato"—all are very cheap.

In this city the prisoners were worked as cargadores, and while writing this fifty have passed my windows, and all were loaded with wood. At other times we see them loaded with bags of earth and rubbish from the street, lime and sand for the builder, and heavy stones used in paving the streets and sidewalks. Many of them are handcuffed and chained in pairs, while others have a piece of a blanket around their loins, which forms their entire suit. They are driven to and fro by a mounted guard, consisting of about one-third of their own number. Thus to them life is almost worse than death itself. When lumber or long timber is to be moved the ends of two pieces are fastened to the pack saddle on either side of a mule or burro, while the other ends drag on the ground; thus they are trailed along to the required place. This is the secret of transferring everything for which a long-gated wagon is necessary. And it is even said they pride themselves on their native ingenuity, for by this method there is no time lost in gearing and ungearing.

CARRYING SUPPLIES.
All the butchers' supplies are carried more than a mile into this city. We have seen one man carry five dressed sheep or two quarters of beef this distance, at one load, for which he received six cents per load. And considering that his employer is not required to buy hay or corn for him, and that he pays for his own breakfast, he becomes a cheaper creature or beast of burden than the mule or donkey; hence we seldom see them used in the work. Others are carrying large hog-skin baskets filled with hides, horns, and tallow, while others are peddling or delivering sheep, goat or hog skins full of lard. This receptacle is made by taking the hide from the animal in its natural form; then the feet are tied up and all cut securely severed, after which it is filled with the skin and tied about the neck when a supply is wanted they have only to untie a foot or tap the body in some convenient place and the quantity is forthcoming.

There are no wells or water works here, hence all water for use is conveyed by water carriers and sold about the city. The scene at the central in the early morning is suggestive of ancient times to the student of history. Women by the hundreds are filling and bearing away on their shoulder alms jars of water. These, too, are very similar in form to that used by Rebecca at the well. Men are there with their poles and water cans. In short, the scene is composed of men, donkeys and dogs, women, children, pet pigs, lambs and goats. The air is filled with music, for all creatures of a kind are exchanging their morning greetings while waiting their turn. Thus all seem to enjoy life while reproducing the scene of old as we have seen them pictured. And here is there many dark eyed Rebecca are seen by the meetings at the well.—Zacarias Cor. Detroit Free Press.

Rebecca's Recollections of Forrest.
"Have you, Mr. Reed, like almost everybody who has ever played with Forrest, any reminiscence of his peculiarities?"
"Oh, yes, indeed. Never shall I forget the trepidation I felt when I played my first part with him, that of De Berington in 'Richelieu.' It was the last engagement Forrest played in Philadelphia, in 1871. In those days—now no more—I blushed easily, and when Forrest called me down stage my heart jumped into my mouth and the blood flew to my face. The next morning at rehearsal he said to me on the stage, 'Reed, when I said last night, 'My dear De Berington, you look pale,' by—sir, you were red as a beet. Put more powder on your face.'"

"A few nights after we were waiting at the wing together to go on, as Lear and I as Oswald, he caught sight of a flat which had been used in the 'Streets of New York.' It bore the name of 'Puffy, the Baker.' Forrest looked at it with the utmost contempt and growled. The idea of a man being inspired by Shakespeare, and 'Puffy, the Baker,' staring him in the face!"—Celia Logan in New York Graphic.

Girl Pupils at Taganrog.
The chief inspector of schools at Taganrog has issued an order forbidding girls frequenting the gymnasium and other scholastic establishments from wearing any kind of unbecomingly fashionable dress, stays, corsets, bustles, pails, high-heeled boots, tall hats, etc., and the parents of the girls are said to be very much pleased with this order.—New York Sun.

Gene Back to Gas.
Mobile, Ala., has the distinction of being the only city of the world which having tried the electric light for street lighting, has gone back to gas.

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